

Aller

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الموضوع

~~My husband was keeping a close eye on us, more than before. I was still trying to convince him to stop all of this and resume our plan for Morocco, it wasn't too late. After a few days, they heard nothing from the smuggler and seemed he~~

~~My husband was keeping a close eye on us, more than before. I was still trying to convince him to stop all of this and resume our plan for Morocco, it wasn't too late. After a few days, they heard nothing from the smuggler and seemed he~~ began to be demoralized.

~~One morning he told me to get ready that we would be headed to Morocco. I was speechless, surprised!~~ I couldn't say anything I just quickly started getting ready.

I hugged and I kissed my husband. He smiled and said "I figured you would be so happy."

I was quickly preparing, all of us ~~were~~ were in a rush trying to pack up a hotel room we had been staying in for about 5 days. We packed up everything so quickly I forgot S's sippy cup so of course as soon as we got on the road she started crying.

She was inconsolable. We were in a white van. Me and the kids sitting in the very back.

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My husband and his brother sitting in the middle seat and the driver and another man in the passenger seat. Both the driver and the passenger wearing sunglasses. Nothing else really stood out to me.

S[REDACTED] was crying and I was holding her trying to hush her. Everyone ignored her crying as if it didn't bother. I saw my husband looked relaxed. He pulled himself up between the driver and passenger making what seemed casual conversation. My husband's brother just sitting playing on his phone. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. My husband was very social so it was good to see him having conversation.

After about 20 min, I casually asked my husband "where is the airport?" He quickly leaned over his seat, got close to my face and said "Don't speak, these men should not hear your voice or hear you speaking English." I immediately knew I was not among friends. I ask my husband "what is going on?!"

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He responded "you are my wife and I'm telling you to be quiet." He said it with a complete straight face and a very serious voice. He continued his conversation with the driver and the passenger. His brother never even looked at me.

It was obvious I had been fooled.

~~scribble~~ I started looking out the windows, nothing but farm land. Not another car, driving down a dusty road. I start going through the situation in my head:

1. I'm in a car with my husband, his brother and 2 men I don't know.

2. I have been fooled into getting into the car

3. My husband is speaking to me in a way I have never heard.

I feel myself starting to panic. I really don't know what to do. Before I can even realize what is happening, we pull up to a house.

The driver gets out, the passenger gets out and opens the back door.

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My husband gets out and then his brother gets out getting all our bags. My husband moves the Seat up so I am able to get out. I get out and ~~my son~~ my son gets out behind me. I just stood there staring at the house, holding Sarah. My husband takes my sons hand and they go into the house following ~~his~~ his brother. The passenger summons me into the house and I followed. The man directed me into a room on the right, the men, including my husband all went into a room on the left. In the room, there was furniture and looked as if someone lived there for a while. A china cabinet full of dishes, something an old woman would ~~have~~ have. There were two other women in the room wearing full ~~niqab~~ niqab. I sat down with S ~~in~~ in my lap. She quickly fell asleep. Neither of the other women speak English.

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Sitting in that room, my mind was completely blank. I couldn't even begin to plan my next move. I wasn't even sure if I was on the Turkish side or on the Syrian side. (It's not like there was a concierge desk where I could ask questions) maybe an hour maybe only 5 minutes, I'm not sure. Someone opened the door. It was my husband. He walked into the room, he didn't say anything to me. He just looked at me. No emotion. He only took \$ and took my handbag from the floor. I followed him outside where his brother was waiting and my son.

My son seemed fine, a smile on his face to see me. Completely unaware of what was happening. So innocently trusting in the people who are supposed to be protecting him.

It's after dark now. Everyone gets back in the car. Situation update:

1. My husband has my daughter and my son in the car
2. My husband has my hand bag with all our passports and cash

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3. I am surrounded by terrorists

4. I don't know if I am in Turkey or Syria

OK, So I get in the car. Driving a little ways, maybe only a few minutes. The car stops between 2 houses in a suburban area. Everyone gets out, my husband first. My husband's brother takes my sons hand. My husband left, I can barely see him in the distance from the small amount of light. I realize we are still in Turkey. We haven't crossed the border yet. My husband's brother turns and looks at me and says "Come on! Quick, we have to go!" I feel frozen in my spot, the spot I am standing outside the car. I can no longer see my husband and daughter in the distance. The only thing going through my mind is I will never see her again. Everything in slow motion, his brother calling me. I'm just trying to get a glimpse of my husband and my daughter but they are gone. I took a step and kept walking. I thought if I could catch up with them, we would just be able to walk back again.

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OK, reality check: when you walk to a terrorist organization, you can't just take your child and your handbag, express your appreciation and then walk out again.

~~Not that I was a terrorist, we were just
started on the road to the book.~~

Once inside my husband apologized quite a bit. "I only did it because I love you."
- Bullshit -

My husband was never the same after that day. He tried to make me happy for a little while but he could see it wasn't worth trying anymore. He did do me a favor by not divorcing me. God knows what would have happened had he divorced me.

In a nutshell, from here my husband became very involved and tried to escape. I got caught trying to escape and thrown in a torture prison.

After I was released my husband bought 2 slave girls, Yazidi.

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Those 2 girls became my best friends and gave me the strength to make it through the second hardest decision of my life. We heard the YPG was coming to Raqqa. I made the decision to stick it out hoping to be liberated. Of course, during this battle my husband was killed. I hadn't felt more free in years. I cried with relief. With him out of the way we stood a chance of escaping.

I am dedicating my story to all women who have ever been in love and deceived. To all women who just wanted their happy ending. And finally I dedicate this story to my sister, the only one who didn't lose hope.

~By the way, now you understand why I introduced myself as the idiot.~

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Life
With
Terrorists

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As I put my cigarette to my lips
 I'm so afraid they'll be given a tip
 Living a life in hiding is not so easy
 There is never laughter, never teasing
 Your head plays tricks on you,
 Who's knocking at the door?

Could this be my last day with a gun
 pointed to my head lying on the floor?

Living a life in religious hiding
 Everyone outside my door, no one living
 only dying.

My accent can only make me trouble
 So I stay in my house I call my bubble
 I have one friend inside my bubble
 When I have food or if I have trouble,
 She always comes running on the double.
 She is so soft and with her I find peace
 No killing, murder or disease
 Not an ounce of hatred can be found
 I learn from her and for that we are bound.

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When we entered Islamic State I didn't stop smoking. My husband knew I was smoking but he didn't care because I think he knew it was my way of rebelling. He didn't try to push me at first. He actually tried to keep us as comfortable as possible even getting us a cat. In the beginning he was pretty relaxed with us.

But he never would have been able to protect us from executed bodies in the streets and public beatings. After all, isn't this what he wanted for us?

I have pain all over my body, is it depression
Or is this feeling a real sensation?

My knees feel like needles

My head filled with beetles

Where does reality stop and begin imagination?

So much bad from this black flag nation

Roses are red and violets are blue

No, not here, none of this is true.

Blood is red and skin is blue.

The black flag nation is not immortal

No such thing as the justice portal

KORANI They are not just a toy or a play
all they want is to destroy

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For you there is no immortality
 It would never be given because of your brutality
 There were never ~~any~~ limitations
 On human humiliations
 You were always so emotionless
 And that left me speechless
 Your mental instability
 Left the world in inequality
 Your murderous regime so severe
 It was much to violence to bear
 I prayed for your death
 In every last breath

People living in Islamic state who didn't
 agree literally lived in hiding. Fearing for their
 lives and those of their families. Everyone wanted
 to make a stand, but were too afraid. Many
 times you would hear of a group of 5 or 10
 that would try to fight. Those who survived
 the fight would be taken prisoner and subject
 to immediate public execution by beheading.
 Spies that were caught were also executed.

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Everyone here has been brain washed
Their brain and their thoughts with blood
have been splashed.

One by one these ideas we must pluck
These ideas will be defeated with any luck.

As much as people might not agree
with islamic state, no one could say they
were stupid. . . not in everything anyway.
Basic propaganda on every street corner of
course, vomiting "you must fight for the sake
of Allah." Not just about fighting but basic
lifestyle changes that men more likely would
accept. Money to support yourself and your
family, a free house for each one of your
wives, furnishings for your home, a car,
free fuel, free food and a standard issue
weapon making you feel invincible. Put all
of that in front of a city full of horny poor
men. Enough said. What is the price for all
of this?

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Oh, it's so simple! Just go look out for the enemy a few days a week and just be ready if you are called to battle. A small price to pay for such a great lifestyle.

Anyone's morality can be bought for the right price it seems. The people that don't accept these terms are poor and can barely feed their families. Many people are forced into a slave army. After their basic training you wouldn't even recognize them from the changes that have happened. Boys have turned into men and men have turned into drug addicts.

Not only the propaganda but you must remember more than half of Islamic State in Raqqa were Syrian. These people have been beaten and bruised all their lives ~~by~~ by a murderous regime from the government. Most of these men are simply looking for closure and/or retaliation. That's what I had seen from my neighbors anyway. I didn't live in the city. I insisted on living outside the city in my own house. All of my neighbors were from Raqqa. Very few of them were involved

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in islamic state and wanted nothing to do with them. I found most of my comfort in my neighbors. They had a hard fight to win as far as their sons go. Their sons go into the city hungry and with no money. The pressure to help support their families was overwhelming. 3 of my neighbors made their living selling soap out of their cars, driving around announcing they had soap for clothes, dishes and for the floor. They would stop in neighborhoods where the women would come out and buy by the gram or Kilogram. Doing this they bring home maybe \$20 a week to support a wife, their mother more than likely, and more than 4 children including a baby in diapers. For their sons, the solution might be easy. This created brothers fighting brothers and neighbors fighting neighbors. One neighbor's son would join YP & and the other would join islamic state. These neighbor's sons also happened to be cousins.

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" Conversation "

- " All of our brothers are dying "
- " I know what to do! Recruit the children,
Keep them from shying "
- To the children " You must die, this you must
believe "
- " Death is not the end, it's only a relief "
- " Do the children a favor and save them from
this life "
- " Save them from this test, this life of strife "
- " Take them to the camp and give them a gun "
- " Starve them, Kick them and make them run "
- " These boys will be our men of gold "
- " Teach them to push the button and be bold "
- " Even if they have nothing, never to fold "

This is a very sensitive subject for me..
My son has always been eligible ~~for~~ ^{for} children's
training camp. This was a constant fight. I was
always being confronted with " If you aren't going
to become muslim, you could at least give your
son. "

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Surprising enough my position as my son's mother was respected and even as much as my husband wanted my son to go to training camp I was not forced to allow it. When everyone knew they were unable to convince me, they started working on my son. My husband and his friends making my son feel inadequate because he didn't want this for his own future. They would tell him things like going to training camp would make him a man and that Allah would be pleased with him. They would also say things like "your mom has a small brain and she doesn't know what's good for you." If my son would have agreed to go, there would have been nothing I could have done to stop it. I thank God everyday my son was not that stupid.

Not so many boys were that fortunate. All over the city would see boys as young as 11 or 12 years old with a standard issue weapon or even upgraded weapons paid for by their proud parents, this obviously ^{boosting} ~~improving~~ their reputation. A neighbor of mine had 2 sons. They were Syrian from Damascus.

They had fled Damascus years before escaping the brutality of the regime. One of the sons worked cutting hair in the city. He used to dress in camouflage and wear an Islamic State hat to pull in customers. When he would come home he was a different person, relaxing in the home of his mother and father and his wife. He was 17 years old. He was under a lot of pressure to join Islamic State by his customers but was not interested. His brother, 14 years old was caught up in the propaganda. Against the will of his family, he joined the ranks. 2 weeks out of training camp, he had a required battle. Obviously, it was his first and last. My heart hurt, I literally had pain in my body at this news. All my husband said to them was "congratulations, your son was martyred. God willing I will join him soon." The pain I saw in his brother, father and mother is unimaginable. The bad news didn't end there, his death was reported to his family from a friend of his. Islamic State sent a man to their house with "proof of death." They showed his father pictures of his dismembered and charred body.

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2 days later his father died of a heart attack. It was too much for him to have lost his son and then be forced to identify his body by picture in its violent setting. His father was only able to identify him by his boots he had just bought brand new. The boy's name was Ahmed. Rest in peace son of war. He was only a boy. He doesn't understand life and death. He doesn't understand a decision like this. The boy couldn't even read from lack of schooling but there was no lack of weaponry to arm him. The sad thing is he doesn't even understand why he is fighting. He is only fighting for \$50 a month, that's all.

~ In a nation where the blood does flow
 A place where the sun never does glow
 where the people are only rich in fear
 Rich in fear and rich in military gear
 Your tears you must wipe
 Your fears you must fight.

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Basically to sum things up, most people tried to hide their fear of what was happening around them. Showing fear meant you were a non-believer. It meant you didn't have faith in Allah to give you the promised reward.

I won't say in muslim belief, but in islamic state belief there is reward and penalty for everything. According to islamic state belief, a muslim that lived his life in peace would be punished for not fighting in the cause of Allah. This would make them non-believers and therefore subject to the sword like anyone else who wasn't with them. The ones to make the decision who was a believer and who was not strangely, according to them, was not God but there own.

The war in Raqqa was successful I believe not only because it was killing terrorists but also causing fear therefore turning themselves against each other. The ones who were to afraid to fight were thrown into prison where they were tortured or even murdered on several occasions.

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And because people couldn't escape the city, people went into hiding. Hiding in their basements and moving often so as to evade arrest and try to avoid the war that was happening around us. Oddly enough, my husband's zealous "jihadi" brother was the perfect example of this. Men like him would preach in the streets "If everyone would get up and fight we might win." After he would go home and hide. Comedic really. But it's important to remember, these men didn't fight but only out of fear. They still preach and believe what they are doing sadistically is the right thing. I don't believe ideas like these will ever stop. I believe something can be done to lessen, but I think since the beginning of time these wars have been fought and only God will stop these wars when the time is right.

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Life
With
My
Husband

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